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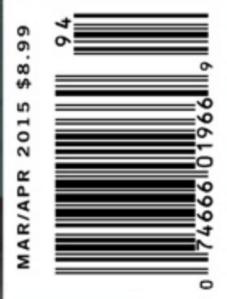


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STRICTLY SPEAKING

Our 15 minutes of "mainstream" fame has arrived thanks to three trashy romance novels lightly spiced with kink since made into an even worse movie about to be released on unsuspecting filmgoers. BDSM will be on the cultural radar as it has never been before. Some fear inundation by a tidal wave of neophyte submissives looking for troubled billionaires to save from the vile perversions produced by abusive childhoods. That faction sees the newcomers as easy prey for manipulative, abusive pseudo-doms who will nonconsensually exploit them. Others welcome the influx of enthusiastic, eager strangers bringing a new respectability to our sexual orientations.

Both camps are probably right to a degree, but to what degree will depend less on the new arrivals than on how our community receives them.

The timing is awkward. There are bitter divisions among us over how consent is to be construed and what ought to be done about a small but expanding contingent of predators in our midst. We're not at our best for welcoming company just now.

Shaming the "shaders" for being misguided by misleading books won't help. How many of us old-timers found our way here through trashy fiction and clumsily-made video? How many dumbass ideas did we bring with us? Fortunately, when our numbers were still small, we could be mentored one-on-one by experienced, community-minded players who took the principles of consensual BDSM seriously. That's not going to be possible with so many arriving so suddenly.

Instead, we'll have to teach by example while stepping up to the unpleasant task of enforcing our limits more consistently and vigorously, unless we want to witness a repeat of the disastrous psychedelic revolution. We'll need to get out there, speak in mainstream media to clear up misconceptions old and new. We'll need to up our game when it comes to providing instructional opportunities for those open to learning. We'll need to make some adaptations ourselves to ideas that may be foreign but are not necessarily meritless.

This may be a teachable moment for all, or the exact opposite. Either way, we're going to find out very soon.

—Ernest Greene, *Executive Editor*

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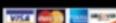
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6



24



HUSTLER'S TABOO®

MARCH /APRIL 2015

- 6 BREE—EARNING HER STRIPES**
Photography by Dave Naz
- 16 HUSTLER ROCKS 40**
- 17 CHAIN MAIL**
Where the Whip Comes Down
- 18 TWISTED FLICKS**
Dominant Dykes, Indentured Innocents
- 22 SUBSPACE**
When No Means Yes, TNG Turmoil
by Nina Hartley
- 24 LONI—SALUTARY CONFINEMENT**
Photography by Lightworship
- 32 AIDRA—OBEDIENCE SCHOOL**
Photography by Dave Naz
- 42 TABOO'S ANAL ADVISOR**
Unlocking the Back Door
by Tristan Taormino
- 44 GRADE-A SERVICE**
Fiction by Ernest Greene
Photography by Lee Forbes
- 50 A.J.—PLUG AND PLAY**
Photography by Matti Klatt
- 62 FUOCO—RAPSODY IN ROPE**
Photography by Clover
- 74 CONFISCATED TWINS: AUCTIONED! —PART TWO**
Graphic Novel by Fernando

62



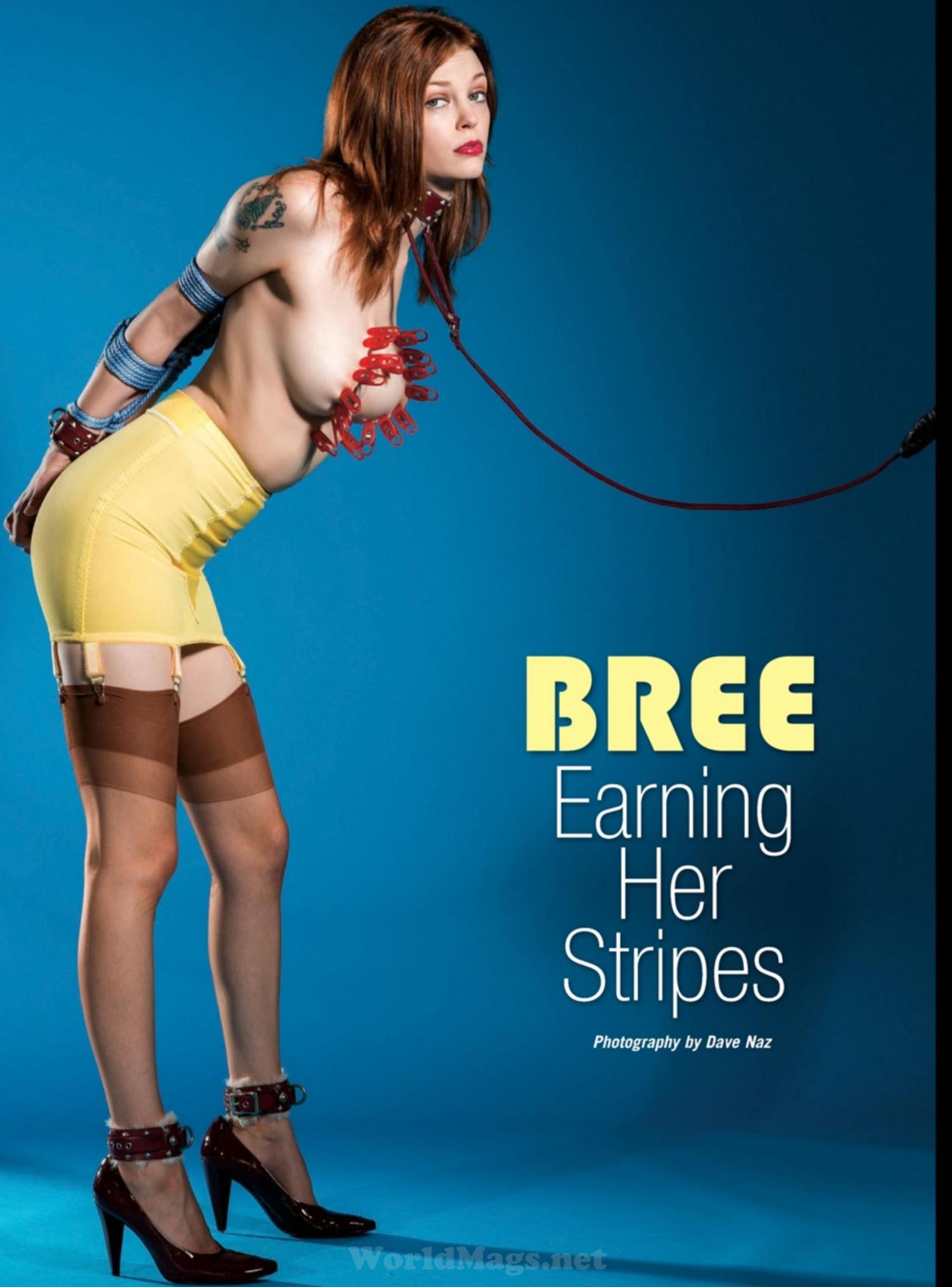
32



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BREE

Earning Her Stripes

Photography by Dave Naz





To claim her slave collar, Bree, must do more than look pretty, not a problem for her. She has to prove her points—the more sensitive the better. Showing up in just her vintage girdle and stockings under a long coat, she holds her elbows together while he cinches them tight. Bree's creamy tits always suffer. This time, it's the meticulous circle of red clothespins surrounding her heart. They bite hard and she lets him see it, but without whining. He leaves them on just long enough to tenderize her for the flogger, applied precisely where the biting jaws left a track of indentations. She also lets him see when it hurts good, like when the heavy quirt pounds her backside after she's

strapped to the spanking horse. The damned clips are even worse around her dildo-stuffed pussy, but her squirming haunches wag the big shaft in her fuckhole naughtily. He knows what Bree really wants first, though, and sits her up, tied wide, for the cane stripes' application to her martyred mams. Men seem to like her musical scream.

Whatever he expected, she must have given it to him to end up roped in a chair with wicked ballet boots behind her head. Bree's every usable hole is conveniently positioned for penetration. From what she sees when his fly pops open, he'd be just as good at proving his points as she at hers.

Bree will be hanging onto that collar tightly. She got it the hard way in every sense of the word.





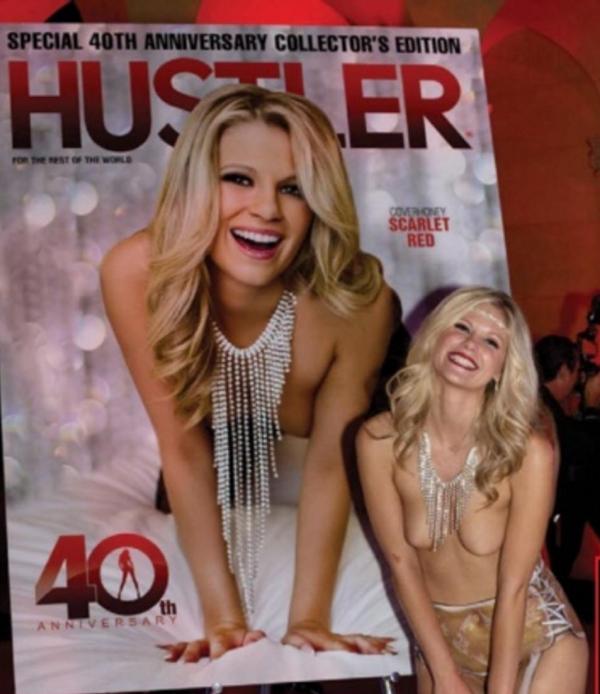






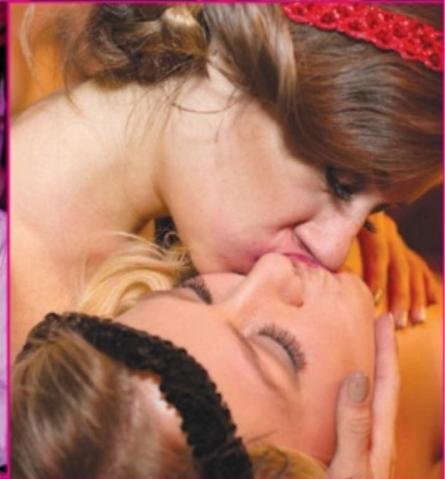






HUSTLER ROCKS 40

There is nothing like a HUSTLER anniversary party. A magical mix of bacchanalian entertainment, lavishly generous food and drink, and the celebratory camaraderie of the magazine's family and friends makes for an unforgettable experience every time. This year's 40th anniversary gathering, held in the idyllic courtyard of L.A.'s storied Park Plaza Hotel, was no exception. Uniformly lovely nude dancers sporting exotic body painting decorated the stages like living sculpture, while a big Afro-funk band rocked its way through the old favorites. Guests drank, danced and dined into the night, watching groups of appealing guys and gals frolic on padded platforms in the altogether. Mr. Flynt presided over the festivities with a winning smile, thoroughly enjoying what he does best—showing people a great time.



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Please keep those letters coming!

xxoo Hanna

DIGS DAKOTA

Thanks for Dakota—*Dirty Doll* in your January/February 2015 issue. She's just the kind of pouty princess who needs a good spanking and gets what she deserves. Also loved the visual details—the period lingerie and the single-glove—which give the whole layout a nice retro feeling but with the modern anal hardcore you don't see in old bondage mags. Dakota definitely made my compass point north.

—Steven S., Phoenix, Arizona



CARNAL CONFESSIONS

What a delight to see my favorite retired video player, Ashley Blue, return as model and interview subject in your January/February 2015 article *Confessions of a Girlvert*. I always knew she was hot, but I didn't realize how witty and perceptive she is until she spoke up about her experiences as a porn star. It's refreshing to read an account that's neither angry nor self-pitying from a gonzo gal who's done it all. Thankfully, she's still as nasty-minded as ever. I'm going right out and buying myself a copy of her book *Girlvert*.

—Cal Hollister, Cairo, Illinois

HAPPINESS IN SLAVERY

What kind of girl smiles while getting her feet caned? It could only be a pervy babe like Sophia (*Sophia—Hurts So Good*, January/February 2015). She doesn't just endure the tight rope bondage, the hard spankings and the pussy pounding with various large toys, she clearly loves every minute of it. The closer of her in the rigid metal bondage frame being porked and paddled at the same time is hard BDSM play at its best. Sophia wasn't the only one who enjoyed her trials. This reader would have been only too happy to step in and reward her endurance.

—Anonymous, via e-mail

SPECIAL SERVICE

Loved your January/February 2015 feature *Mia and Simon—Proof of Service*. It's easy to tell just by the way Mia worships her Master's cock that she's the genuine article and not just a model pretending to be submissive. Whether bending over for a solid spanking or opening her tailpipe for the plug, she gives it all. And when she takes her reward from a good fucking right in the eye, she leaves no doubt of her sincerity as a slave. Much appreciate the realistic feeling this couple projects. It's a fine example of the M/s dynamic at its best.

—J. Wilcox, Grand Island, Nebraska



Innocents Taken 4



4 Whacks—TABOO'S HIGHEST RATING!
Featuring: Myra Lyon, Valentina Rossini, Briana Blair, Bailey,
Bob Terminator, Steve Q, Igor, Barrett Blade.
Running Time: 90 minutes.
Directed by: Andre Baylock.

When petite blonde Myra Lyon borrows Bob Terminator's car without asking, she's dragged into the back yard. Stripped to her smooth curves, she's shackled at wrists, ankles and elbows and set to work mowing the lawn, Bob encouraging her with a flogger in each hand. Her endurance is finally rewarded with some solid doggy-style ramming and a mouthful of sloopie.

Sleek, slender, dark-haired Bailey is the new "hand" on Igor's farm, where her duties include chained cocksucking, naked hosedowns shackled between sturdy posts and leather-thonged basting of her round rump. After Farmer Igor gets down to plowing her from the rear, Bailey's only too eager to suck out his seed.

Briana Blair's naked, collared and chained to a concrete dungeon wall when Master Barrett Blade appears to give her a good groping and slapping. She takes her share of whip strokes to ass and pussy, demonstrating her gratitude with some monster skull on her knees, ending up strapped to the bondage bench and shafted from behind.

Sultry brunette Valentina Rossini gets bent over the couch for some domestic discipline that quickly evolves into vigorous podgering from Master Steve Q, who knows what a slave is good for. Valentina demonstrates her talents by climbing into his lap for some cowgirl while taking numerous strokes from his handy flogger. Plenty of steamy hardcore bondage action for all. —E.G

www.bizarrevideo.com



Lesbian Control Part 2



4 Whacks—TABOO'S HIGHEST RATING!
Featuring: Angelica Heart, Charry, Abbie Cat, Valentina Blue, Lucy Lee, Lucky.
Running Time: 90 minutes.
Directed by: Andre Baylock.

This steamy clambake starts hard with corseted Mistress Charry lashing naked, chained, blond slave Angelica Heart through the brush. Angelica must drag a rough wooden cross and dig a hole for it with her hands, only to find herself tied to it after plenty of strap-on slamming and ass and pussy worship. A solid flogging ensues, striping the penitent thoroughly before she's left to contemplate her sins under the hot summer sun. Domme Abbie Cat cruelly stripes Valentina Blue's tits with a nasty dressage, marking her thoroughly before leading her into the woods for a picnic. The sleek, golden-haired sub does most of the eating prior to taking Ma'am's dildo in her pussy and up her tailpipe in several positions. Hogtied toe-sucking ensues—complete with a force-fed snack of grapes—before a strung-up whipping finale that leaves the two players in a hot sweat.

Rubber Mistress Lucy Lee takes latex-wrapped brunette Lucky for a hike, pausing to let her suffering sex toy empty her bulging bladder on the ground in return for some eager clit lapping. Both girls peel down for some pounding strap-on action after which they're thoroughly satisfied and with no doubt as to who's in charge. Consistently luscious bondage dolls, scenic all-outdoors settings and plenty of XXX D/s girl-girl action make this disc a tasty treat for fans of slick but realistic lesbian BDSM entertainment. —E.G

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TABOO'S SubSpace is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.



SUBSPACE



DEAR NINA,

I have a question about something that really sounds contradictory to all I've learned about BDSM. What is going on with "consensual nonconsent (CNC)"? On the one hand, I support any person or couple doing anything in the bedroom to which they both agree. On the other hand, how can someone consent to giving up consent? Is it a euphemism for rough sex? For rape-play? I'm a woman who identifies as kinky and like a good thumping as much as the next person, but this has me scratching my head in wonder.

—**Bewildered, Omaha, Nebraska**

Dear Bewildered:

You're not alone in wondering about this controversial way to play. The idea was first introduced in BDSM circles in the early 1990s and it's been a bone of contention ever since.

Simply put, CNC is a style of play or relationship dynamic where one partner agrees (the "consent" part) to give up volition for either a few hours or for the entire duration of the relationship.

No matter how extreme it may look to outsiders—and to many it looks like nothing so much as classic, nonconsensual abuse—the first word in CNC is consensual. That is, the people involved have agreed to this arrangement of who's in charge. Some people simply don't want control over their actions and what happens to their bodies, preferring partners who are willing to take that control. The leap from a CNC play session, in which a scene might consist of the sub requesting x number of cane strikes, adding "Please, Sir/Ma'am, don't show mercy no matter what I say/beg/plead," to building an entire relationship around the concept of "Whatever you say, Sir/Ma'am" is vast and not to be undertaken lightly. Finding a partner to whom one can entrust such important things as bodily safety; emotional and financial security; intimacy; and sexual satisfaction is very difficult and risky. It takes a special dominant partner to want that level of responsibility.

CNC differs from TPE ("total power exchange") in that TPE can only exist within a relationship, whereas CNC can be limited to a single session between players who are not in an ongoing relationship outside the playspace.

CNC is not the same as rough sex or rape-

play, even though an undercurrent of that powerfully charged physicality may be at work. The difference between rough sex or rape-play and CNC is that, when, during the former, the sub uses their safeword the scene stops on a dime—no matter how intensely "real" it was just moments before. In a CNC situation, the scene would never stop. Watching a CNC scene play out when the sub is experiencing and expressing very strong, seemingly negative, emotions is challenging for the witnesses, some of whom may be tempted to get the DM involved.

To avoid that kind of unwanted intervention, when CNC couples play in public spaces it's a good idea to inform the DM ahead of time, thus preventing a scene from being ruined by well-intentioned bystanders.

Having CNC as a foundational principle in a long-term relationship is demanding of all parties involved and not without risk. The decision to cede all subsequent decisions to a partner is a major decision itself. The first "C" in CNC is always the most important. Though some in committed CNC partnerships may accept the surrender even of the right to terminate the arrangement, that right is inalienable and at some point it may be exercised for real. Beyond that point, CNC is no longer ethical or legal. But unless and until that point is reached, there is nothing inherently inconsistent about CNC with the basic tenets of BDSM as practiced by the rest of us.

DEAR NINA,

I'm a 28-year-old woman who's been involved in the kink scene for about four years. I went to a munch in my area when I was new and saw only two other people who were even close to my age. Everyone else was at least ten years older than me, and some were the age of my parents. I was very discouraged and felt pretty alone in my search, as I prefer partners closer to my age. I made friends with my age-mates at the munch, and after doing a little research we created a local The Next Generation ("TNG") group for kink-interested people aged 18-35. Our intention was to create a safe place for people new to the scene to find out more about kink activities and how to do them safely without getting cruised by older people who may come across as creepy.

When I mention our group to people at

all-inclusive kink events, I get a lot of push-back about us being "ageist" or "discriminatory." I don't agree at all and think we fill an important niche. What can I tell them?

—**Aggravated, Baltimore, Maryland**

Dear Aggravated:

Good for you and your friends for seeing a need in your area and filling it with your TNG group. Such specifically focused sub-groupings of kinky folk are an important resource and should be encouraged.

Good reasons to segregate by age include hanging out with and learning from people at similar life stages to oneself; learning as a newbie with and from other newbies; building self-confidence before heading out into the bigger kink community; and developing leadership skills that will carry over when one "ages out" of TNG. While an 18-year-old and a 34-year-old are at different life passages, as a rule they'll still have more in common with each other than with someone who is 60-plus.

In the wide, wide world of kink there are many sub-groupings aligned along shared interests: gender-segregated playspaces or parties; behavioral practices such as spanking- or rope-only parties; M/f; F/m; 24/7; TPE; etc. TNG is no different.

Where some TNG folk go wrong, in my opinion, is when they talk about "old, creepy guys" hanging around to gawk at attractive, younger people as a reason for why TNG groups exist.

It's not ageist to want to play with folks your own age, but it is ageist to believe that all older people (often characterized as dominant men) always perv on younger people (often identified as submissive women). Not all experienced players have bad boundaries or predatory inclinations, despite the smack directed at them at times. Many older enthusiasts prefer to date within their age cohort but like to play with younger people, as much to pass along valuable skills as to experience the pleasure of young bodies close up.

Older people were young once, and there may be a bit of jealousy in their reactions to TNG groups. Such safety zones didn't exist when they needed them 30-40 years ago, and that sucked ass.

Make connections with other groups and participate in the larger community events, and don't worry about what others say.





LONI SALUTARY CONFINEMENT

Photography by Lightworship

Lonked to the bars of the sleek, high-tech cage, tender parts already smarting from the clips, Loni shudders as her trainer applies a layer of hot grease to her smooth flesh. She knows he can use her body as a masturbatory object any way he feels inspired. He proves the point by propping her jaws with a dental gag, sliding the glass probe in and out of her cooze until it's slick with her secretions, and gagging her with it.

Turned around with her rump thrust out as ordered, Loni takes ten of the best from the thick cane. Ungagged now, she wails with each impact, even as the juices surge into her throbbing box. The conditioning always works. When he spreads her open for more probing, she gibbers out permission for a climax, barely able to hold back until it's given.

Demonstrating her eagerness to please, Loni squats over the mirror and shows off her tongue-work with the dick-on-a-stick. The treatment works by combining sensations. Locked down on the padded bench, her legs stretched in an open delta, the burning in Loni's rear parts only adds to her internal heat as her trainer drags another screaming orgasm out of her with the big vibrator.

His work is done now. He leaves her in fucking position with the transparent probe planted deep to show off her pink tunnel. The next shift will find her that way, ready for use. And Loni, reminded of her status, will be ready to take every inch of cock like the well-schooled slut she is.

















Aida
Obedience
School

Photography by Dave NAZ



My Master

wants me trained by strangers and delivered to him ready to serve. He thinks hard, unfamiliar hands will teach me to obey more harshly than his. He's right, starting with the rough stick yoking my hands at my shoulders so they can look me over. Hearing them talk about me in the third person makes me wet despite the tenacious grip of the clamps on the points of my tits. I get the spanking strepado first, my tail feathers warmed by the narrow, stinging paddle with my arms raised high behind my back. Time for a fuck break. I'm strung up with my legs open so they just have to step up and shag me while I rock back and forth. I'm ashamed they all make me come. Rope is my aphrodisiac.

Now that I'm raw meat down there, my swollen bits must be decorated with weighted clover clamps. I feel my lower lip quiver. I don't want them to see me cry, but I'm close, in more ways than one.

Bent over with a steel hook up my rectum, I suck the line of slickened dicks hard again for the next round of pounding. I lose track of time until they're done and I'm wiped clean. On my back, splayed open and yoked with my feet in the air, I'm left for my Master to claim, having passed my training perhaps a little too easily. I've learned that I belong to him and to

anyone he chooses.













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TABOO Expert Advice from Tristan Taormino

ANAL ADVISOR



DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I have a metal butt plug that my wife really enjoys. She's told me she likes the feeling of something cold sliding in her ass. I would love to fill her ass with ice cubes or ice cream to make it feel cold inside. Are there any possible dangers to this activity? **—Chilly Willy**

Dear Chilly:

Slight temperature changes in the ass, like you feel from a cool metal butt plug, are safe. However, extreme temperature changes are not. Putting very cold water in someone's ass, for example, causes discomfort and cramps. It can also stress your gastrointestinal tract and disturb the delicate balance of your insides, which is never a good idea. Something as cold as ice cream and ice cubes can actually be a lot more risky. Exposing the anus and anal tissue to ice cubes can cause tissue damage. Some medical experts warn that inserting ice cubes into someone's ass can stimulate the vagus nerve (which controls the heart rate and blood pressure) and may lead to heart problems, seizures or even strokes.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I recently saw a new product for sale in the U.K. on one of the popular sex-product Web sites. Called Lube-In Inserts, they're lube capsules you put in the rectum. In theory, they seem a really good idea for reducing mess and getting more control of placing lube internally where you want it. But I can't find out any information about what they're made from, though they say they're compatible with condoms so presumably they're water-based. The last thing I want is something that's basically a glycerin suppository! Do you know about this product? If so, what are your thoughts about using it for anal sex?

—Consumer Junkie

Dear Consumer:

Lubrin Lube-In Inserts are indeed very similar to suppositories: capsules filled with a water-based lubricant (that does contain glycerin) you insert vaginally or anally. For now, they seem to be available only in the U.K. According to the manufacturer, the "shell" of the capsule dissolves inside you, the contents liquefy at body temperature, and the lubrication "can last up to six hours." On the Lubrin Web site, makers claim the inserts have been safety-tested by the FDA. I have not tried these out personally, but as soon as I get some, I will post an update in this column. For now, I would only recommend this to folks who regularly use water-based lubes that contain glycerin and have no problems as a result. Many women find that glycerin lubes irritate the vagina or cause a yeast imbalance. It seems like a great idea to get lube where you want it, but the downside is that you've got to like that particular lube. As an alternative, you can get some Lube Shooters from the Stockroom (stockroom.com)—these are plastic, syringe-like applicators you can fill with your own favorite lube that will accomplish basically the same thing.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

We decided to purchase a good silicone butt plug for my wife to help her get used to having something in her virgin booty. After using the toy in her butt while working her clit with a vibrator, she said she was ready for me to slide my cock in slowly. We got her super aroused and her muscles nice and relaxed. I got in pretty smoothly with little to no pain, she said. We stayed still for about five minutes, added more lube to my shaft and her anal opening and started shallow thrusting. Since this was our first real go at it, we stopped after about ten minutes so as to not overdo it. We have

been tested and together for ten years and are monogamous, so I didn't wear a condom. However, I didn't come inside her bum either. Immediately after I pulled out, she said her tushy felt like it was on fire. Not good. Later, when she had a bowel movement, she said it felt like she was crapping razor blades. There wasn't any blood or anything, which leads us to our question. Do you think it was the lube that irritated her mucous membranes? We used System JO Anal Lube (which is water-based). We opted not to use a silicone lube because we were using a silicone toy. Did we not use enough? Could the lube have dried out inside her too quickly? Was there not enough prep or relaxation?

—Dick and Jane

Dear Dick and Jane:

My first thought was the same as yours: She had a bad reaction to the lube. All lubes contain slightly different ingredients and different people have different reactions to certain brands. System JO contains glycerin and parabens, both of which some people find irritating. If you really love the silicon type you use for vaginal penetration, then by all means, give that a try for anal too. If you find that it's too light (slicker, thinner lubes often allow for more friction which can also irritate butts), investigate a different brand of thicker lube. Try a glycerin-free compound like Maximus or Sliquid Sassy.

The burning may also indicate that she has hemorrhoids, although the anal sex (not just the aftermath) would likely have been painful also. The burning could be a sign that you didn't use enough lube, you rushed the process, or she has a small tear in the tissue of the rectal lining. Wait until the pain completely subsides before you give it another try. Then be sure to go slowly, use plenty of lube, and stop if it hurts at all.





fiction by **ERNEST
GREENE**

GRADE A SERVICE



photography by **LEE
FORBES**

■ have my choice when I visit the exclusive club in the tall glass and steel tower near downtown. It caters to a very specialized clientele who know exactly what they want and can afford the stratospheric annual dues. The girls who live and work here are never less than desirable, always well trained and obedient and, most importantly, enthusiastic in their labors. If they don't enjoy what's expected of them, they don't stay long.

In the sleek, modern parlor, the girls on duty line up in their "uniforms"—locking collars and cuffs, cruel fetish pumps and smooth-shaven flesh—all made up as whorishly as possible, gazes averted coquettishly as I look them over.

I always choose Adrianna. She's a blond beauty, her all-natural curves upholstered in soft, fair skin. I love her big, blue eyes and pouting, slightly bovine lips. But I have her sent to the top-floor studio for me every time because she's the dirtiest. The more depraved the services demanded of her, the wetter she gets.

When I arrive in the large, thoroughly equipped studio, Adrianna's waiting at attention: back straight, tits out, legs

spread and hands behind her. I take my time circling her, admiring how still and straight she stands despite the punishing pitch of her heels. Adrianna was born for this work. She knows it, too, fluttering her big eyelashes flirtatiously as she asks me how I would like her to please me. When I tell her she can please me by suffering a little first, she dares a smirk and a wisecrack.

"I was hoping you'd say that, Sir," she says, offering a few suggestions regarding the instruments available. If I'm going to hurt her properly, I'll need to make her punishable parts more vulnerable.



The small electric vacuum pump with its tubes and hoses is a shared favorite. Adrianna can't quite suppress an excited shudder when I switch on the machine, but she holds perfectly still so I can place the biggest-sized acrylic cups over her much-admired tits. They are rather fabulous, she agrees, while I position them in the clear cylinders. They would be a real curse if she didn't like having them tortured so much. A little greasing to seal the suction and her flesh swells instantly to fill the chambers, all ripe and rosy. Her pale nipples come all the way up to the hose fittings. I make them swell and shrink by thumbing the valve.

Adrianna's the kind of girl who loves to hate it. I can see the combination of anguish and arousal in her glazed expression that gets me hard every time. Her ankles tremble with the effort, but she doesn't move, telling me in her hoarse whisper how hard her nipples are getting.

The big cups come off with a loud pop. Her blue milk veins stand out against the hot pink of her swollen mounds. I give them a good slapping around during which she yelps between





gritted teeth without breaking her stance. Even when I apply the smaller tube to her ever-alert clit and turn up the pump, all she does is groan and shiver. I see her glance down to watch her most tender tissues inflate up the narrow chamber. Flipping the valve open and shut repeatedly makes Adrianna whimper, but she's not at the beginning stage—yet.

Turning off the pump and tugging the tube off her now obscenely swollen pleasure knob, I pinch and stroke her pumped bits. They feel like the blooms of an exotic, waxy orchid, too tempting a target to resist.

Adrianna lowers herself gracefully to the rubber-tiled floor, lifting her hips to present her cunt as ordered. Perverse bitch that she is, she really prefers her other hole for use, but that makes her slit all the better as an object of torment. The wet slap of the crop swishing up onto it between her thighs elicits repeated growls from between gritted teeth.

“Ouch, Sir. Thank you, Sir. That really hurts, Sir.”

I'll never know what she thinks of me overall, but I have one thing I'm sure she appreciates. When I unzip and it springs out, Adrianna's face lights up as she reaches to pull my pants down for better access.

“Ah yes,” she sighs, “something at which I excel.”

Wrapping her fat, greasy lips around the head of my shaft, she demonstrates the skills that make her the envy of all the expert sword-swallowers who share her quarters. She never hurries, taking her time so I can feel the wet heat of her mouth fully while she takes me in with long, slow gulps. Adrianna doesn't stop until she nuzzles my balls, choking herself on dick meat. Her drool oozes in long strings from the corners of her ample mouth. It's fair to say I'm not small, but she likes having her throat filled.

Determined to impress me with her submission, she pulls away long enough to blink up at me and ask permission for some rimming. Who could say no to such a generous offer? As with everything else Adrianna does, there's no dodging. I feel her face burrow in and her tongue lapping away while a confident hand reaches around to wrap my rod. She times her licking and stroking expertly, her lacquered nails sliding up and down the rigid length in time to the swirling of her tongue. I grab her skull from behind and press her in a little deeper just to be rude. The stroking of her hand speeds up in response. Poor Adrianna's getting a bit desperate.

Clearly, she needs two things. First, she

has to be properly secured with straps and cuffs on the padded spanking horse. It splays her open from the back, offering luscious orifices in need of filling. The thick, steel anal hook is first, of course. Adrianna always lubes herself generously back there, knowing what's written on her information card that's given to members so they'll know each girl's best uses.

She takes the big hook easily, though not without some whining she correctly assumes I want to hear.

The short chain from the eye of the hook to the back of her collar is an added inducement to keep her face up while I skull fuck her. I'm most definitely not nice about it, tugging the chain to make her squeal and packing her gullet until the tears flow—black with running mascara—down her cheeks. I control the movement of her head with a handful of her blond curls wound in my fist. The look in her screaming eyes is simultaneously piteous and hateful.

Oh, but I'm going to make this so worth her while. Even as I pull out—leaving her face covered in tears and spittle—to swat her fine haunches with the crop, I promise to make her a happy girl. Meanwhile, she absorbs each whip stroke with a hiss and a yelp. Adrianna can take a lot of pain, but she likes to gripe about it anyway. That's part of her process. And she's well aware of the effect it has on me.

I can only be evil for so long. Freeing her from the bench, I order her to spread-eagle herself on the floor while I lower the suspension frame from the ceiling. I even let her blot her smeared cheeks with a wet wipe as I attach her cuffs to the frame.

A few turns of the crank make Adrianna into hanging meat, irresistibly appetizing. She squirms and rattles her chains, trying to position her horizontally suspended weight as comfortably as possible, but the grip of my hands on her freshly tanned backside stills her quickly so I can lift her for tasting. Supported from below, she goes comfortably limp, head lolling back in a tangle of blond mane. I apply my tongue and lips to her outrageously puffed-up clit, sucking and licking and rocking her hips from side to side. She's not the only one who excels at this. Soon I hear babbling and gasping from above. Eventually Adrianna collects herself to ask for permission to come. I probably couldn't have stopped her, but she's not one to invite punishment. Feeling generous, I nod and continue until I feel her go rigid all over and her pretty, musical scream echoes against





the concrete walls. I do love the way her face scrunches up during orgasm.

All of this, naturally, is toward a particular end—Adrianna's. Lowering her onto her feet, but keeping her arms up, I part her hams from behind. Leaning forward as far as possible, she offers me her tail. Though I could fuck her in either socket, we both know what the choice will be.

Some things are much too good to rush. I work my way directly into her tiny, seemingly virginal rosebud, bypassing her pussy altogether so she can play with it herself. Adrianna looks back at me over her shoulder with a mixture of gratitude and scorn. Yes, I'm every bit as perverse as she is. Holding up one of her legs, I slide her back and forth, each penetration wringing a guttural snarl from deep in her lungs. She's shaking now, close again already. This time I'll make her work for it.

Lifting her other leg, I take her off the floor completely, holding her aloft with my hands gripping her thighs and my cock buried in her rectum. I feel Adrianna's small, soft feet scrambling for purchase on my leg muscles. It wouldn't take much to finish her off this way, but a good bad girl like her deserves a real reward.

Slipping out long enough to let her down, I put Adrianna on her back and hand her a big vibrator from a steel cart nearby. She looks at me almost in disbelief. I did promise there would be a reward for her endurance. Her ass opens easily for me at this point and I lie back,



fucking her at leisure while she grinds the vibe against her engorged button. She's even louder this time, shuddering and howling, her ass-guts gripping me inside. I could let go myself at that moment, but that would be a waste of Adrianna's dirty mind.

Instead, barely letting her cool down, I stand up over her. She needs no orders for what to do next. I feel her hand pull my slimy stake back into her mouth as she kneels in front of me. Sucking and jerking furiously, she gets the full load down her gullet, moaning as she swallows spurt after spurt, sucking out the last few drops gratefully. She smiles up at me, her face shiny with sweat.

"I hope Sir will give this girl a good report," she says, batting her eyes a bit sarcastically.

I promise her a Grade-A score on her evaluation, but she wants one more thing from me: a date for next week.

I assure Adrianna I'll make an appointment before I go, leaving her to mop up on her hands and knees. She does it swaying as lewdly as possible.

Not to worry. I won't forget.





A.J. Plug and Play

Photography by Matti Klatt

IT'S a long ride out to the remote shack, and the motorcycle is like a giant vibrator between my legs. I'm already wet when he cuffs me to the post. We play out here because I can make as much noise as I want, but he stuffs the huge ball-gag between my teeth anyway just to see me drool. The leather slapper burns like fire on my saddle-sore butt. I wouldn't mind if he pounded my ass all day, inside or out.

He's got a surprise waiting for me in the shack—a big, ridged dildo on a stand. I can wriggle and twist myself crazy on the thing, but it's not coming out even when he flogs my tits. Ungagged

now, I make some promises and he lets me get down and jill myself off. Good thing we're so far from town, because I'm a screamer for sure.

Now it's time for his fun. Cuffing me to the rusty cart, he wheels me out to the stable, straps the bit in my mouth and "tails" me with a big, thick ass-plug. Using the dildo, he demonstrates how he's going to mount and ride me. I spread my one unobstructed hole for him and something even bigger than the plug up my ass invades my cunt. I'm in for a long gallop before the ride back to town on my pleasingly sore snatch. We need to make it out here more often.





















FUOCO

Rhapsody in Rope

Photography by *Clover*



IT'S a challenge, auditioning for the jury of the annual *Kinbaku* Conclave. Fuoco knows she's at a disadvantage with a *gaijin* pulling the hemp, but she's confident of his skills and her desires. Once he strips her out of her simple black dress and the coils begin snaking up her leg, she feels the dripping begin. Leg stretched high, Fuoco lies on her hip while a strong hand grips her tits and a rubber cock pistons noisily away inside her. Yes, she's a passionate marionette and ready to prove it with a tight tit harness and knee sling holding her up on one high heel while the clothespin zipper is pulled away from her most intimate flesh with deliberate slowness. Fuoco groans but doesn't cry out. She's meant to suffer with grace, concealing neither her pain nor her pleasure without overdramatizing either.





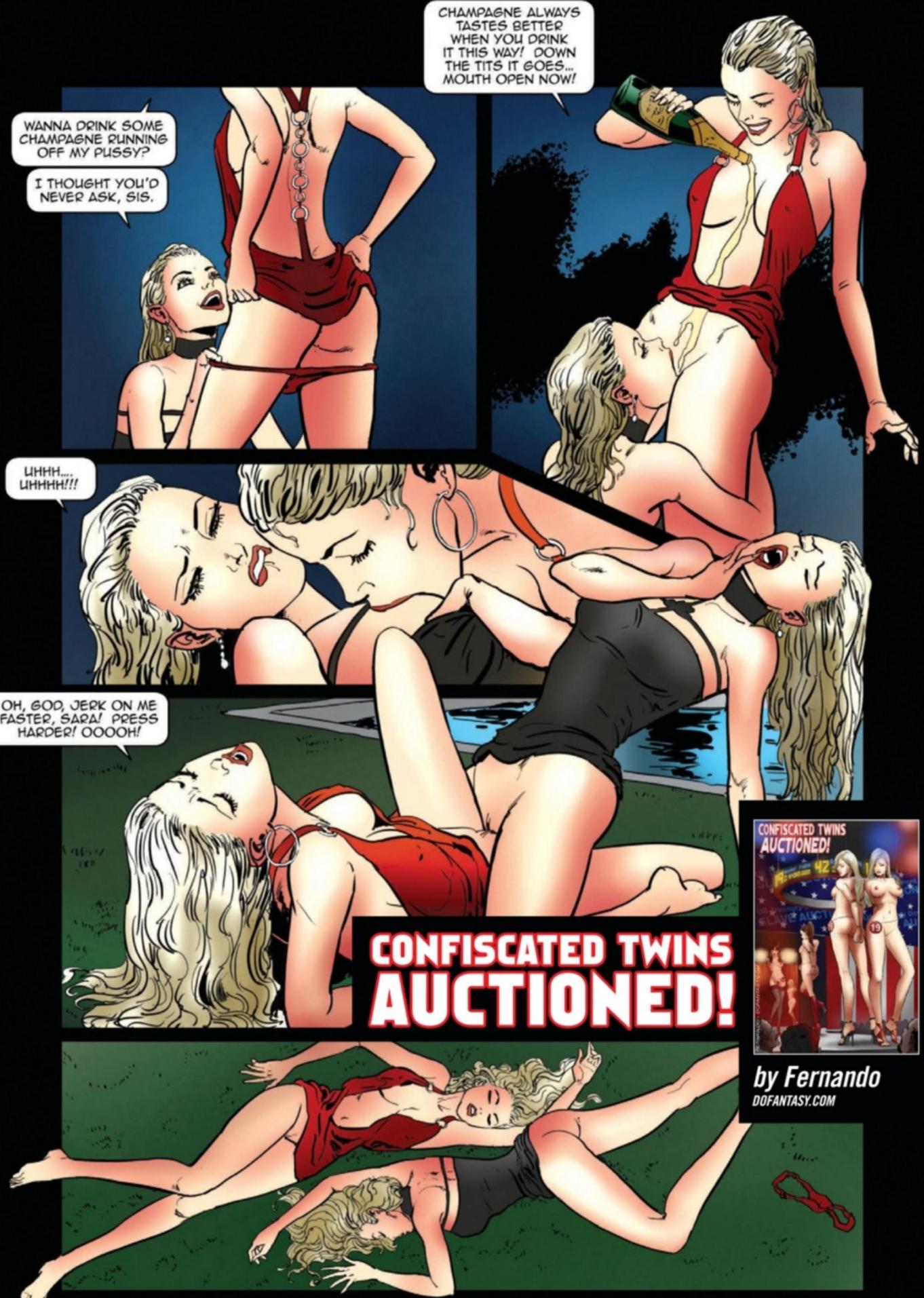


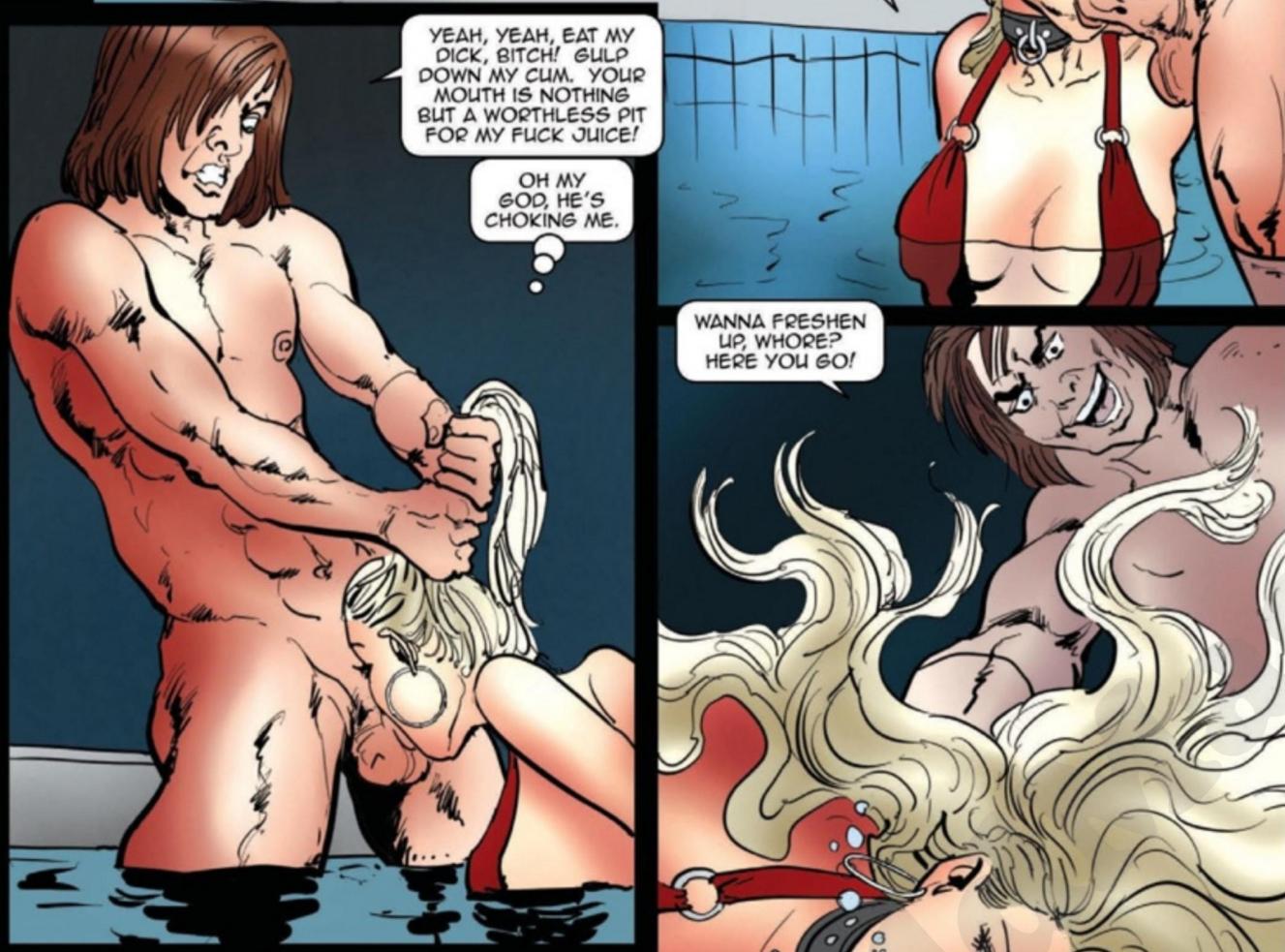
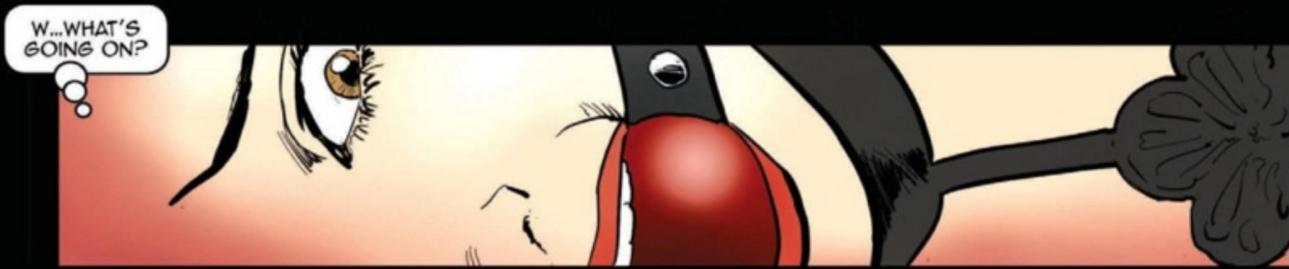


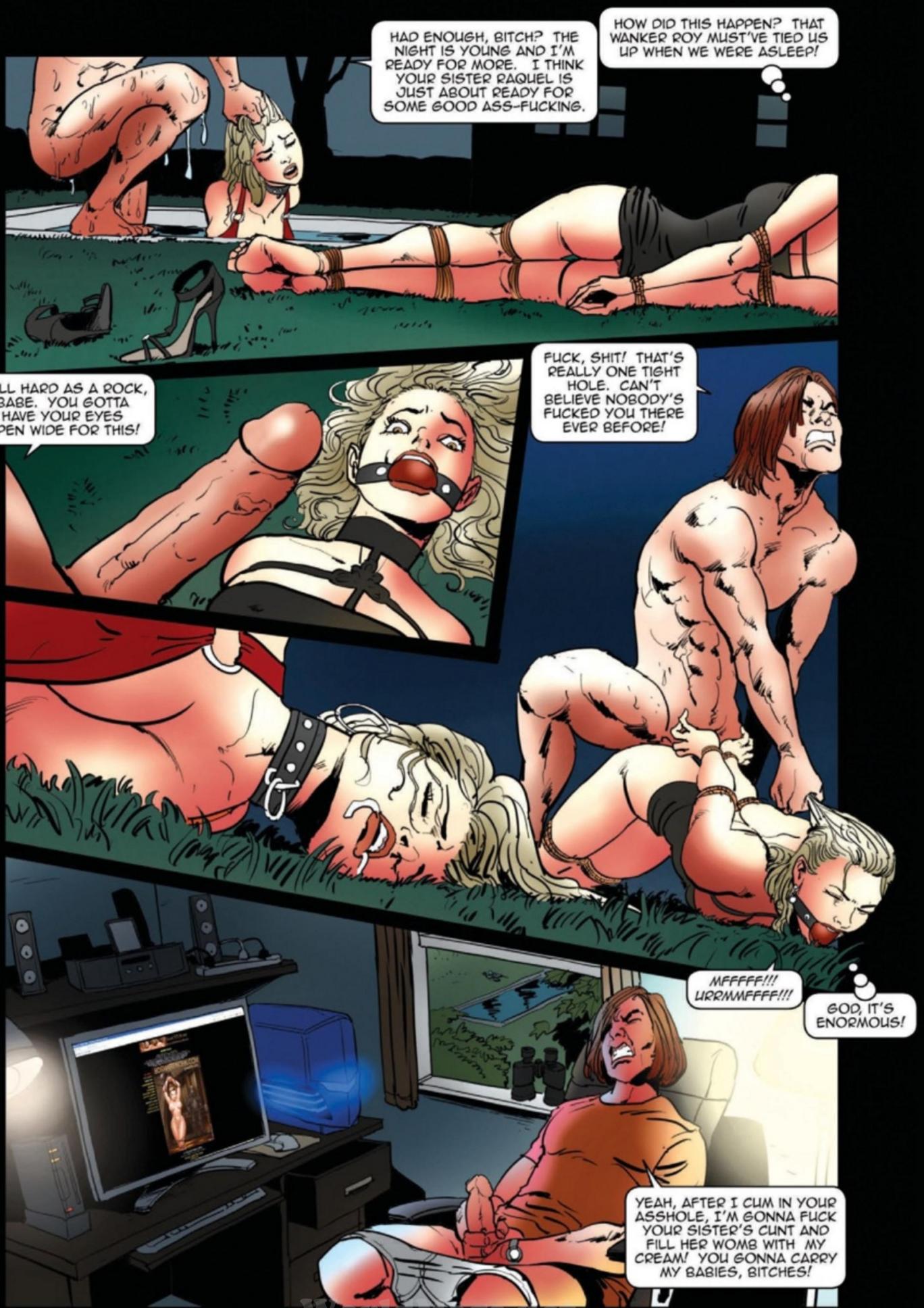


IT'S difficult for her to remain serene while hand-fucked in an open sling position. They work together too well. He knows just how hard to pinch her nipples. Fuoco could come right now, but that's for the finale. Dangling from the hip sling, doubled over, her hair tied to her ankles, Fuoco butterflied perfectly for the thick, probing prod to bring her off with a wail, orgasmic convulsions rippling along her muscular limbs. After that, she's let down and slathered with hot candle wax, then left, totally submitted, for the judges to award their standing ovations in person. It's a qualifying performance without a doubt.









SUDDENLY, THE DREAM IS OVER....

WHAT THE FUCK?
CLARA! CAN'T YOU
FUCKIN' KNOCK?

HEY, ROY, HAVE YOU
SEEN MY WATCH?

SHUT YOUR FUCKIN'
MOUTH, SIS!

HEY, MOM! GUESS
WHO I FOUND JERKING
OFF AGAIN? WANKER
ROY, HAHAHA!



I'M GONNA KILL
YOU, YOU BITCH!

WHAT THE HELL IS
ALL THIS RUCKUS,
CHILDREN?



I'M GONNA TELL YOUR
FATHER ABOUT THIS,
YOUNG MAN. WE'LL SEE
WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT IT.

GROSS... GOT HIS
CUM ALL OVER
MY CLOTHES!

EWWW... GET YOUR FILTHY
HANDS OFF ME. YOU'RE
GETTING YOUR STICKY
CUM ALL OVER ME!



CONTINUED



IN THE NEXT ISSUE

HUSTLER'S TABOO®

May/June 2015 On Sale April 7, 2015

Naturalé is just that kind of girl. The idea of meeting up for a kinky, steamy session of deviant delights gets her wet every time. It's always so much better when she's tied up and pretending the man having his fun with her is a stranger. If he's a little rough, that's fine too. Smoke-filled hotel rooms, the smell of whisky and sex, and feeling a hard cock between her lips—upper or lower—are just natural for Naturalé.

Out in the badlands Samantha can be a very bad girl and get just what she deserves. Her innocent looks are deceiving. She'll misbehave just to give her Master an excuse for handcuffing her to some heavy machinery out at the construction site—whipping her fine, pale ass pink, gagging her when she bitches about it and stuffing her cunt with a big rubber on a stick. Offered a chance to prove she can be good, Samantha squats on the dildo and fucks herself while begging to suck Master's cock. She'll get her chance, once she's hogtied and rolled over for proper skull-fucking. Out in the hinterlands, Samantha can make all the noise she wants.

These are just hints at the perverse pleasures awaiting TABOO readers as we crank up the heat for the onset of summer. Count on more fine babes indulging their depraved desires; candid coverage of venues where the perverts gather to play; useful advice on everything from anal sex to proper slave etiquette from our experts of the extreme; thought-provoking features that illuminate our underground world; and the latest installment of our scorching graphic novel. Grab yourself a cold one and get ready for the rising temperatures.



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